O hatefull, vaporous, and foggy night,
Since thou art guilty of my cureleſſe crime:
Muſter thy miſts to meete the Eaſterne light,
Make war againſt proportion'd courſe of time.
Or if thou wilt permit the Sunne to clime
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poyſonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps rauiſh the morning aire,
Let their exhald vnholdſome breaths make ſicke
The life of puritie, the ſupreme faire,
Ere he arriue his wearie noone-tide pricke,
And let thy muſtie vapours march ſo thicke,
That in their ſmoakie rankes, his ſmothred light
May ſet at noone, and make perpetuall night.

Were TARQVIN night, as he is but nights child,
The ſiluer ſhining Queene he would diſtaine;
Her twinckling handmaids to (by him defil'd)
Through nights black boſom ſhuld not peep again.
So ſhould I haue copartners in my paine,
And fellowſhip in woe doth woe aſſwage,
As Palmers chat makes ſhort their pilgrimage.

Where

Where now I haue no one to bluſh wit
To croſſe their armes & hang their head
To maske their browes and hide their i
But I alone, alone muſt ſit and pine,
Seaſoning the earth with ſhowres of ſilu
Mingling my talk with tears, my greef
Poore waſting monuments of laſting r

O night thou furnace of fowle reeking ſ
Let not the iealous daie behold that fa
Which vnderneath thy blacke all-hid
Immodeſtly lies martird with diſgrace.
Keepe ſtill poſſeſſion of thy gloomy pla
That all the faults which in thy raign
May likewiſe be ſepulcherd in thy ſh

Make me not obiect to the tell-tale day,
The light will ſhew characterd in my bro
The ſtorie of ſweete chaſtities decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlocke v
Yea the illiterate that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned boo
Will cote my lothſome treſpaſſe in